

It's The Real Thing by Yuri4Gwen

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Summary:

Steve Harrington's life feels like it's going nowhere, he works in a dead-end job, his best friend is leaving for college at the end of the summer and he can't stop eating ice cream to fill the void.

Then Billy Hargrove comes back from college for the summer looking like he's been sculpted from marble and he keeps coming to Scoops to torment him.

How did his life end up like this?

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note:

Based on this [post](#) on Tumblr, this story came to me when I saw the Coke ad/trailer done for Stranger Things because the outfit that they had on Steve gave him the appearance of having a soft tummy and I wondered about how Steve would deal with weight gain and how Billy would react to it. The title comes from an old Coke slogan as it seemed appropriate.

Then when I wrote the story I thought about how it would be different if it was an Omegaverse story so the second chapter is the same premise only Steve is an Omega and Billy is an Alpha.

My Tumblr for my stories if you want to say Hi [Edith-Moonshadow](#)

Un-betaed so please excuse all my mistakes.

As his father's angry voice echoed in his head Steve reached for another cookie, he bit down on it hard feeling himself relax when the sugary taste filled his mouth. He'd been out of high school for just over a year, everyone else he knew had either gotten decent jobs or were away to college but he'd barely been able to get a low paying job at an ice cream parlour. He had to wear a stupid uniform and an embarrassing little sailor hat, no one took him seriously.

He'd barely graduated high school, he remembered holding his final results on a flimsy piece of paper, his whole future gone in an instant and when his dad found out he had let Steve know just how much of a disappointment he was. His dad ran his own business, was one of the most successful people in Hawkins but he refused to give Steve a job instead, he made him go out and beg for work. He was turned down for several jobs where the wages were low, the staff part-timers who were just making a little spending money during the summer or

towards their college funds and turnover was high.

His mom came to his room one morning with a letter of recommendation that she'd written for him, she was well respected within Hawkins, she did a lot of work for the community. She smiled softly at him and handed him a freshly baked cookie, telling him it was their little secret. With that letter, he finally got a job at Scoops Ahoy, it had been his last chance.

His dad's disappointment never let up, it had become a dark cloud that hung over him every time he was home. His resentment followed him everywhere he went, he was a loser, he had no future, girls he'd went to school with who used to smile up at him in adulation now laughed at him and seemed confused that he thought he could talk to them. It all settled low into his stomach where it created a huge bottomless pit, he felt so empty and alone.

Mr Ford, the manager of Scoops was barely ever around but had told him that a perk of the job was that he could eat all the ice cream he wanted, at the time he had just smiled but hadn't thought anymore of it. He liked ice cream but he wasn't working there specifically for it, it wasn't his dream job or anything. Recently though every time a girl gave him that same confused laugh or look of disgust or a kid got over-excited and lost their ice cream to the floor, he would clean it while hearing his dad's voice telling him he should have applied himself better, was he this stupid and ice cream became more and more appealing until he found himself taking spoonfuls in-between customers.

He only had two bright spots in his life now, Robin and Dustin but most of their time was taken up with school and other people. Robin had just graduated from high school and she was going away to college, he was so happy for her but his loneliness had caused him to eat half a tub of mint chocolate chip ice cream throughout the day she told him the good news.

That weekend his mom reminded him that his dad had that important dinner with his clients from out of town so he needed to wear something nice, make sure he looked respectable and be downstairs by six-thirty. Steve dreaded these dinners where his dad paraded him around like they were one big happy family.

That Saturday he was run off his feet at work, it was finally the summer in Hawkins, all the kids were free and they wanted ice cream. He couldn't help squirming all day as his uniform felt a little tight, he was going to have to talk to his mom about the laundry as he was sure she'd shrunk it.

That night he ended up late to his parent's dinner because he couldn't find anything to fit him, he needed to talk to his mom about the laundry. When he walked into the room the businessmen were there with their wives and he forced a smile on his face when they complimented his dad on what a lovely young son he had and he felt that emptiness within him grow when his dad thanked them but didn't agree.

His parents were too busy entertaining to pay him any attention so he just sat beside his mom like a pretty ornament until it was time to go into the other room to discuss business and he ended up surrounded by the wives who cooed over him and asked him questions. He lied telling them that he was taking a year out before he went to college, learning how it felt to work a good honest job, his mom smiled at him over their shoulders and he ate his dessert with a little more force than necessary. He waited the obligatory half an hour then excused himself for the night. He wondered if the businessmen found it strange that his dad's full-grown son didn't join them for business talk but was left with the women for coffee and dessert.

That Sunday he found them both in the kitchen drinking coffee and talking about how well the dinner went, his mom turned to him with a smile.

"Good morning darling, not at work today?"

"No, it's my day off. Mom, have you changed something about the laundry?"

"Changed something?"

"Yeah, I think you've shrunk my uniform and some other things."

He heard his dad scoff.

"No honey I still use the same place, nothings different but I can check with them if you want."

His dad put down his cup and turned towards him.

"Maybe if you stopped stuffing your face and went for a run now and then you wouldn't have this problem."

Steve felt that pit within him grow even bigger as his mom looked at his dad in shock. She turned to him with a soft smile.

"You have been eating a little more than usual, it's not good for you."

"A little more? If you don't stop you're going to end up fat and how are you ever going to become something if you don't look the part and do you think anyone will take you seriously then. I'm sick to death of trying to get into that thick skull of yours that if you don't apply yourself you're going to end up as a deadbeat."

His mom got up and walked over to him pulling him close to her, he moved even closer trying to take comfort from her as he felt his throat burn as tears tried to desperately form in his eyes.

"It's ok, I know times are a little difficult right now but you can join me on my diet and with a little exercise you'll be right back to your old self."

"Carlotta why must you mother him, he'll never take any responsibility."

Steve sighed and his mom squeezed him tighter. He didn't know why he let his dad's words affect him so badly, at first he'd been embarrassed that he'd let him down so badly but that it was ok it would all work out but over the past year those angry words had chipped away at him until now it felt like they were being pressed up against a raw nerve.

He decided that he'd go on his mom's diet and he'd start running, he used to run all the time when he'd been at school it would be a piece of cake and he'd show his dad that he wasn't a loser he'd just put on a little weight, he'd lose it in no time.

He was too embarrassed to ask Mr Ford for a bigger uniform but he knew that he'd lose the weight in no time so it wouldn't be uncomfortable for long anyway. He just had a slight bulge at his stomach and hips, he didn't know how he'd missed it all this time. His mom had told him that she'd ordered the meals and got him signed up to the program so he'd be starting in the next few days. He didn't want to attend aerobics with her so he told her he'd go running. She had surprised him that morning with new top of the line running shoes and some clothes. Now all he had to do was start, he had a day off on Wednesday, which seemed like a good day to start.

He served the small group of kids their ice cream and went into the back to get another tub of strawberry, it was cold and heavy and he struggled to get into the counter when he heard his name. He pushed his hat up and came face to face with Max, he smiled at her but she looked embarrassed. He stood up confused as to why she would be embarrassed to come to see him.

“Looking good, Pretty Boy.”

He closed his eyes for a moment, great just what he needed Billy Hargrove. He hadn't seen him since about a week before Christmas when Billy was home from college, he'd graduated a year early and now attended some college in California. Steve had been at a party with Robin, he didn't want to go but Robin had insisted that he needed to get out once in a while. He'd finally relaxed and was having fun when Billy showed up and he seemed to think they were still in high school.

He wouldn't leave Steve alone, invading his space with an irritating smile on his face and cruel whispers against his ear. Steve's mood had soured as he felt that Billy was mocking him because he was still in Hawkins working in Scoops whereas Billy was away and making

something of himself. Robin had taken him home before anything happened but he didn't feel ready to deal with him now.

He looked around at him, he hated to admit it but Billy looked good, his skin held a deep golden tan, his blue eyes sparkled and his face held a rosy glow. Being in California agreed with him, he wondered why he would ever come back here, maybe it was for Max. Billy's eyes lit up when he realised he had Steve's attention and his eyes slid over his uniform, the light in his eyes heating up until it burned. Steve squirmed slightly, he knew the uniform made him look stupid and now he could feel where the waistband dug into the fleshy part of his stomach and hips.

He quickly looked away from Billy and back to Max, she rolled her eyes at Billy then smiled at Steve.

"Can I get a chocolate cone?"

He smiled at her and pulled down a large cone.

"How many scoops?"

She thought for a moment.

"Two."

He gave her two extra-large scoops and when Billy moved forward with money in his hand Steve shook his head.

"It's on the house."

Max's face lit up with a huge smile as she took the cone.

"Thanks, Steve."

She turned to Billy.

"Ok let's go to the arcade."

Billy didn't take his eyes off Steve.

“You know the way.”

“You promised to take me if I...”

“Ok fine I’ll take you in a minute.”

Steve looked between them in confusion for a moment but Max just stood back eating her ice cream while Billy continued to run his eyes down Steve’s uniform. He grits his teeth waiting on Billy to start making fun of him but he didn’t say anything just stared at him until Steve felt like a bug under a glass.

“Excuse me are you kids done?”

Steve looked past Billy to the young mom and her two kids who had appeared behind him. He glanced back at Billy who smirked at him.

“See you around, Princess.”

Then he and Max left and Steve went back to work although he couldn’t stop thinking about Billy’s stare for the rest of the day.

That Wednesday he got up early determined to go running when there was hardly anyone around. He put on his new clothes and shoes, had a quick glass of water and started a gentle jog when he got past his driveway. Everything seemed fine at first but within a short space of time he could feel his legs getting heavy and his face heated uncomfortably. When he was a few blocks from his house he felt like his lungs were on fire and he stopped by a wall to take a few deep breaths. Why was this so hard, it hadn't been that long, had it? For the first time in a long time he had felt nostalgic for high school when he used to play basketball several times a week and he had a healthy toned body.

Why did he take that time for granted? He took a few deep breaths, he’d kill for a glass of water maybe it was time to head back. He turned and started to walk back towards his house when he heard a slightly breathless voice call out his name.

“Harrington?”

He turned around and just behind him was Billy, he was shirtless in just a pair of shorts with his hair tied back off his neck. His skin held a rosy glow and shone in the early morning light, his eyes lit up when he saw Steve. Why did the universe hate him, his hair was lying limp against his head, the ends damp with sweat, his new running clothes were clinging to his body and he could feel the blood pounding on his face, why did he have to run into anyone least of all Billy Hargrove?

“Working up a sweat, Pretty Boy?”

Steve sighed.

“Just out for a run.”

“Get far?”

Steve grit his teeth.

“I'm a little outta practice...”

“I could always lend you a hand...”

Steve looked at Billy sharply, Billy was in very good shape he had been since Steve had first met him so he knew something about fitness and he didn't want to bulk up like Billy, just lose a little bit of weight. Yet there was no way that Billy was serious, he would just make fun of him for how out of shape he was.

“Thanks but I'm sure I'll get the hang of it soon.”

Billy slowed his jogging so that he could keep pace with Steve. He came a little closer until Steve could practically feel the heat radiating off his skin.

“Trust me, Sweetheart, I could give you a real good workout...”

Steve gave him a sideways glance, he had a smirk on his lips and his eyes held that familiar heat that Steve could feel low down in his core. Why couldn't Billy leave him alone? Steve knew he couldn't

trust him to be serious, once he saw the full extent of his weight gain he knew he'd make fun of him probably some crack about working at an ice cream parlour and sampling the goods. He felt very tired all of a sudden and he just wanted to go home and lie down for a while. He could go for a run later when the air was cooler and he had more energy.

"Thanks but I'm done for today."

"What about tomorrow?"

"Look I appreciate the offer but I'm just going to take it easy for a few days, I'm sure I'll be running as I did in school in no time."

They reached Steve's house and he started to walk down his driveway when Billy grabbed him by the arm pulling him against his sweaty chest, his voice a breathy whisper against his ear.

"If you change your mind, I'm right here Pretty Boy..."

Steve shivered against Billy's hot breath on his ear as he pulled away in a slight daze and walked into his house.

The following week Scoops seemed to be even busier than the week before, he had only been out running a handful of times and the diet his mom had him on was making him irritable. The smell of the ice cream filled his mind until he felt as though he were already eating it, the temptation to feel its cool sugary goodness on his tongue was almost unbearable.

Especially after Billy had come in to annoy him which was becoming an almost daily experience. He sauntered in with a smug smirk, a little glee in his eyes as he took in Steve in his uniform while he squirmed under his gaze. He was just glad that his uniform top covered up his stomach, he didn't think he'd live down Billy with his perfect physique finding out what had happened to Steve's.

He tried to keep running but it was so difficult and disheartening,

he'd only improved slightly and on more than one occasion had to hide when he saw Billy coming the other way. Although his offer of help was becoming more appealing every day he just had to look at his body to know why that was a bad idea.

Then Robin talked him into going to a party, it was for all the new kids graduating and it was being held at the younger brother of Eddie Miller. Steve had tried at first to back out, he had no idea what he would wear, what would fit him and he didn't want to attend a party where everyone was going on to the next phase of their lives. Robin was insistent as she was going to be gone by the end of the summer and she wanted them to have fun.

It took him over an hour to find a decent outfit, one that felt comfortable or at least would for a while and that didn't accentuate his stomach or hips. He felt a nervous flutter in his stomach when they arrived at the party and he couldn't help the heat he felt in his face as he imagined that he saw some people's eyes linger on him. So he focused on Robin. She was a little giddy, excited about the future and carefree, she wanted them to have a good time so he tried his best.

They'd been there for a couple of hours and he had started to loosen up dancing with Robin and some friends she had from school. None of them was treating him any different and he found himself getting lost in the music, smiling widely for the first time in days. He felt pleasantly buzzed even though he'd only had a few drinks and he felt a twinge of melancholy that by the end of the summer Robin would be gone, they had promised to stay in touch and even for Steve to visit but he knew that Hawkins without her would be cold and lonely.

Someone slid up behind him when he was dancing, he could feel their body heat through the back of his shirt but he didn't think too much of it, the space created as an impromptu dance floor was stuffy and cramped. Everyone was swaying along to music creating a wave of bodies that moved to the beat. He jumped when he felt fingers

creep along his hip until they squeezed down into the flesh below. He turned quickly, dislodging the hand and coming face to face with Billy Hargrove.

He felt his face heat at the intensity in Billy's eyes, he was wearing a blue button-up shirt which only appeared to have two buttons done, his shiny golden skin on display. Steve bit his lip as his eyes drifted over his muscular chest, being in California had made Billy's impressive body almost unreal. He felt something twist in his stomach, he forced his eyes up to Billy's face to see the amused smirk on his face. He licked his lips at him before leaning forward to speak into his ear.

“Ready for that workout, Pretty Boy?”

Steve took a small shuddering breath, Billy moved back to smirk at him once more, this couldn't be real, he knew if he glanced around him that Billy would have many interested stares aimed at him. He was going to a good college in California and he'd returned home looking like he'd lived his entire life in the sun, on the beach and his physique was phenomenal, he glanced at his chest once more. He remembered what Billy's body looked like before he left but now he'd fine-tuned it, even more, his skin was so golden even his eyes seemed to sparkle more. He could have anyone he wanted, why would he want Steve?

He looked down trying to subtly look at his own body, when he felt Billy move into his space once more, he swayed his body to the beat which made it undulate against Steve causing him to bite his lip and shrink back so they weren't touching too much, he didn't want Billy to feel what he looked like under his clothes. He felt Billy's hot breath on his ear making him shiver.

“C'mon Princess you won't regret it, I promise...”

Steve could feel his head getting light, it was a heady feeling having someone's attention on him like this especially Billy's but he could feel a voice screaming at the back of his head that it was a bad idea because as soon as Billy saw his body he would be disgusted. He was startled back to reality again by Billy's hand squeezing his hip and he couldn't help the small moan that bubbled up his throat when Billy

squeezed harder, maybe he didn't mind the extra bit of flesh he felt there. Billy leaned in again, Steve gasped when he felt his lips ghost over his throat before he felt his hot breath on his ear again.

“There's a free room upstairs, whaddya say...I could show you so many ways to build up a sweat...leave you breathless...”

Steve felt so overwhelmed, he wanted someone to want him more than he'd realised and that Billy was the one, made everything feel so heightened, he nodded his head. Billy pulled back with a massive grin then leaned forward to whisper against his ear.

“Top of the stairs, second on the right, I'll see you there in two minutes, don't keep me waiting...”

Billy pulled away and walked up the stairs without a backwards glance, Steve took a deep breath then jumped when he felt a hand on his shoulder, he looked back into the concerned eyes of Robin. He moved over closer to her.

“What was that about?”

“Nothing.”

She pulled back to give him an unimpressed look.

“That wasn't nothing.”

He felt his face heat as he averted his gaze. He felt her hand on his arm and he glanced back, she smiled at him.

“Are you sure?”

He nodded.

“Ok, but if you want to leave or need help kicking his ass, I'm here.”

He smiled at her and she squeezed his arm before he took a deep breath and headed up the stairs. He reached the door and gave it a gentle knock only for Billy to open it and pull him in, slamming him against it and pulling him into a desperate kiss. Billy pushed his body up against his on the door so that he couldn't pull away. He tried to

ignore the solid weight of Billy against him and get lost in the kiss but he couldn't. Billy pulled back to kiss his way down his throat and Steve saw that he'd turned on the bedside light, he wondered if he'd be able to turn it off while Billy was busy.

He gasped as he felt Billy bite down on his neck before he pulled them over to the bed, throwing Steve down onto it then settling himself down on top of him, pulling him into another kiss. He started to squirm when he felt Billy's fingers skim under the hem of his shirt. He pulled back trying to catch his breath.

"Can we...can we turn out the light?"

"Why?"

"I...I would feel more comfortable..."

Billy looked at him in confusion for a minute.

"I want to see you..."

Steve firmed his jaw as Billy leaned forward to kiss over his face.

"What's wrong, Sweetheart?"

Steve averted his eyes.

"I've put on...a little weight..."

"So?"

"So I don't want you...looking at me..."

Billy's eyes lit up and before Steve knew what was happening his shirt was pulled up to his armpits. His mouth dropped open in shock as he glared up at Billy but his attention was riveted on Steve's stomach. Steve squirmed under his stare when he felt Billy undoing his jeans which he quickly pulled down to mid-thigh. Steve groaned when he felt Billy's fingers digging into the flesh of his stomach and hips. Then Billy lay back down on top of him pressing him down into the mattress as he captured his mouth once more in a desperate kiss.

He could feel Billy's hard cock against his thigh as he pressed his body more firmly against him. Billy kissed his way down his throat, he could feel the hint of teeth as he growled against it.

“Fuck Princess you feel so good...”

Billy pulled his shirt up further until Steve sat himself up so that he could pull it off fully. Then he was pushed back down as Billy kissed and bit his way down his body. When he reached his stomach he groaned before sinking his teeth in making Steve whimper. He squirmed in Billy's hold, his skin was so sensitive and he couldn't help getting caught up in how turned on Billy seemed to be. He continued to suck and bite his way down his stomach and hips, his fingers running over his quivering flesh.

Billy pulled the rest of Steve's clothes off while he distracted him with his mouth then he sat up in between his spread legs to undo the last two buttons on his shirt. He pulled it open and then off his muscles rippling under his golden skin as he threw it behind him. Steve bit his lip looking at him, what had he been doing out in California? He looked like he lay on the beach all day and went to the gym all night. He brought a shaking hand up and placed it on Billy's chest then he slowly stroked his way down letting out a shaky breath as his fingers danced over the solid muscles of Billy's chest and stomach. Billy watched him with rapt attention, letting him explore to his heart's content.

“California's been good to you, what do you like work out 24/7?”

Billy laughed.

“I've always loved the sun and the beach and now that I'm cooking for myself I can make healthier choices.”

“Maybe I will take you up on that offer to work out, I need all the help I can get.”

Billy moved back in over him, pushing him down onto the mattress once more, kissing softly over his face and neck.

“You haven't put on that much weight and you feel great to me but if

you want I can help you.”

Billy sunk his teeth into his neck once more as he slid his hands back down Steve's body. When he reached his thigh he dug his fingers in and pulled them wider apart then started to lick and kiss his way back down again. When he reached Steve's left thigh he bit into it hard while making eye contact with Steve, his gaze so intense and hungry that Steve couldn't stop the whine from escaping his throat as he writhed against him.

Billy finally closed his eyes and seemed to get lost in what he was doing to Steve as he sucked bruises into his inner thighs and slid down. Steve jumped with an embarrassing squeak when he felt Billy's warm tongue start to lap at his hole. He'd never felt a sensation like it, the warmth of his tongue followed by the tingling sensation as Billy's breath made his skin seem to come alive then as it started to push into him his toes curled at the pleasure as his body opened up for Billy. His breath froze in his lungs as his body started to seize up the pleasure becoming too much as it raced up his spine and into his brain.

Then he felt something slippery and hard wriggle beside Billy's tongue and he started to pant. The dual sensations of soft and warm with hard and cool were making him feel like his skin was on too tight, his mouth started to water when he realised that Billy was pushing in a second finger and was crooking them inside him.

Then he jumped when a burst of pleasure so intense shot through him that he bit his tongue, he started to shake desperately wanting to push further into it but the intensity made him shy away. Billy's teeth in his thigh once more grounded him with the small flash of pain and he looked down to see him watching him closely. Then Billy's eyes grew intense once more and his fingers ruthlessly pressed down on that spot within him causing him to writhe in painful ecstasy once more.

“That feel good Princess?”

“Y-yes...please Billy...”

“Don't worry baby I'm about to give you the work out of your life...”

Billy slowly pulled his fingers out and Steve watched through dazed eyes as he pulled off his jeans then lifted a bottle he hadn't noticed before started to spread lube over his hard cock before he lay upon him once more. Billy pulled him into a desperate kiss as Steve felt him start to push his cock inside, swallowing down Steve's whimpers until he was fully seated.

"Fuck Pretty Boy you feel so fucking good..."

Billy started a steady rhythm lifting himself up on his arms so that he could thrust deeply into Steve, his sharp hip bones hitting against Steve's much better-cushioned ones, causing Billy to groan as he watched. Soon Steve's eyes were rolling into the back of his head as Billy found that spot again with his cock and was relentlessly pushing his cock up against it.

"Billy...Billy..."

Billy lowered himself down onto Steve, his hot sweaty body rubbing against him as he slid his fingers down again gripping his hip hard as he licked over Steve's throat. Steve felt completely overwhelmed, the pleasure clouding his brain as he ceased to think and just let the sensations of what was happening roll over him.

"Come back with me...there's nothing here for you and I can look after you...anything you want Sweetheart...you just have to be mine...I can fuck you like this every day...I'll be your gym and trainer all rolled into one..."

Steve felt completely tongue-tied, unable to fully process what Billy was saying when he felt his teeth in his neck, a sharp bit of pain and he came all over Billy's chest.

He came back to reality shortly after, he still felt like his head was full of clouds as Billy kissed across his face.

"Back with me Baby?"

Steve groaned.

Billy laughed and kissed his lips then he pulled back to look at him.

“So?”

“What?”

“California, what do you think?”

“I can't just go to California...”

“Why not?”

“I...where would I live or work or...”

“With me, I'll take care of you and you don't need to worry about anything else.”

Steve sighed.

“Billy, you can't be serious, you're a student. How are you going to take care of both of us? Also, we've slept together once that doesn't...”

Bully pulled him into a desperate kiss as though he were trying to kiss away the words that Steve was saying.

“Listen to me Princess, I can do it, I've got this great idea and it's going to make me a lot of money guaranteed. I'm not going to school to just get a piece of paper. I want to learn and make connections and that's what I'm doing. I only have two reasons to return to Hawkins Max and you...”

“Me?”

“Yeah you, can you honestly tell me there's anything here for you?”

“Robin.”

“Who's leaving at the end of the summer.”

“How do you know?”

“It's a small town, Max told me.”

Did Steve have anything worth staying in Hawkins for? Most of the

people his age had jobs or had gone away to college, Robin was leaving soon, the kids were all getting older and his home life wasn't great. He looked at Billy who was watching him carefully. Was going with Billy a good idea though, they didn't have the best history, he could be an asshole but he'd learned from Max that he had a softness that he kept hidden, he knew he was attracted to him but could a relationship be built off that?

Billy suddenly manhandled him onto his side so that he could spoon up behind him, his arm wrapped around Steve's waist, his lips brushing the back of his neck.

"C'mon Princess what have you got to lose?"

Steve closed his eyes and basked in the closeness of Billy, it felt like no one had touched him in a long time, especially not with any tenderness outside of hugs from Robin and the kids. Billy's fingers started to gently stroke his skin and Steve could see the beach in his mind, soft sand, warm sun with Billy smiling down at him before they'd go home to a small apartment. It would be cramped but theirs, Billy would cook something simple for dinner, maybe they'd watch tv and then they'd go to bed. There Billy would leisurely explore his body, he'd know it as well as his own before he wore Steve out like he'd done tonight, pleasuring him in that intense way of his. Then they lie down like they were now, close, safe and happy.

California may only be a dream but surely anything was better than the nightmare of Hawkins, right?

2. Life Tastes Good

Summary for the Chapter:

The last time Steve saw Billy Hargrove it had been during Christmas vacation when he'd ended up knotted by him in the back room at Betty's house.

Now Billy is back home for summer vacation and California has been good to him, Steve can't help but notice all the stares at Billy who looks so good, it makes him squirm in his too-tight Scoops uniform when Billy's intense stare is directed his way.

Notes for the Chapter:

An Omegaverse version of the story with another old Coke slogan.

Billy's fingers tightened in his hair pulling Steve's head back so that he could attack his throat with his sharp teeth.

"Fuck Princess I always knew you'd be this tight."

Steve whimpered as he felt Billy grind his cock in a little deeper as he squirmed on Billy's lap. He could feel his knot forming as his mind went blank.

"Billy...fuck Billy..."

Billy growled against his throat.

"Such a pretty little Omega...all mine right Baby?"

Steve groaned as his alarm went off, the last remnants of his dream floating through his mind and making his skin tingle. He moaned quietly as he remembered Billy's growling voice, the heat in his eyes and how his knot had stretched him wide hitting all the right spots.

He moved and realised that he'd come in his underwear again, why was this his life? He didn't know what had been different at Betty's

party, it had been mid-January, the weather was bitter and Steve's week had been slow and miserable. Working in an ice cream parlour in a sailors outfit in the middle of winter didn't invoke greatness. Almost everyone he'd gone to school with had proper jobs or were away to college but everyone who was back in Hawkins for Christmas vacation seemed to be at Betty's.

Robin had convinced him to go because she'd be gone soon herself as she'd applied to several colleges and Steve knew she was smart, he'd be all alone soon. A few drinks in and Billy had cornered him in Betty's Kitchen, he was home from some fancy college in California, he'd heard through the Hawkin's grapevine that he was there on a full scholarship so he was an asshole but he was an intelligent asshole.

His eyes were intense as he licked his lips at Steve looking at him like a ravenous beast stares down its prey. Steve twitched under his gaze as Billy pinned him against the wall like a fragile butterfly. Nothing was out of the ordinary, Billy had always acted this way around him, a typical posturing Alpha and usually Steve rolled his eyes and kept out of his way.

On that fateful night, something was different, he could feel anticipation buzzing under his skin every time Billy got too close, he shivered when he felt his breath on his throat, Billy's obnoxious words made him bite his lip, his pulse fluttering under his skin. Before he knew what was happening he was being led to a room by Billy, encouraging him to sink his teeth into his flesh, he felt pleasure coarse through him when Billy whispered praise into his ear and before long he was sinking onto Billy's cock while he begged him for more.

The marks that littered his skin took a week to fade, Billy was even more persistent. Steve felt so worn down trying to avoid him that he almost gave in but he knew he couldn't. For Billy Steve was just a way to occupy his time while he was stuck in Hawkins, he'd return to California where people were probably throwing themselves at him and he'd forget all about Steve. He didn't want to be someone's entertainment while they wasted time waiting to get back to their other life. He felt pathetic enough already, stuck in Hawkins in a dead-end job with no prospects.

Being a male Omega was hard enough especially when your dad didn't deem you as worthy of any respect because of it. When he'd presented at seventeen his dad had looked at him with barely concealed disappointment. The Harrington men had always been Alphas and they went on to be successful in business and married beautiful Omega women to give them the next generation of Alpha Harringtons.

His dad seemed to view Steve being an Omega as a failure on his part and his dad had succeeded at everything in his life. So Steve was his only failure, then to add insult to injury, he had been a bad student barely graduating high school.

All these negative thoughts were making his stomach churn, he crawled from his bed and shuffled into the shower. When the hot water hit his body he calmed down a little, he picked up the bar of soap rubbing it between his hands until he got a good lather then he started to run his hands over his body.

He frowned when he reached his stomach, instead of the flat toned stomach he'd had only a few months ago he encountered his stomach protruding out from his body. He could push his hand into the extra flesh and grab hold of it, he hated it.

He knew it was his fault, over the past month especially every time his dad gave him a cold look or he had a gruelling day at work or the fall grew closer when he knew he'd lose Robin he'd shove another cookie or scoop of ice cream in his mouth.

The sweet taste would fill his mouth and he'd feel calm for a few minutes. He was so emotional at the moment, the slightest thing could set him off and he felt so stupid. Two days ago he'd messed up Mrs Spencer's order and when she returned to let him know he could feel tears form in his eyes even though she wasn't angry, he was just so frustrated with himself.

He dragged himself from the shower and started doing his hair, it was getting so long he needed to get a haircut as it was becoming more difficult to style the way he usually did although he didn't know why he bothered the stupid hat he had to wear for work obscured it anyway. Finally, it was the time he dreaded, trying to

wiggle his way into his uniform, over the past few months his sailor shorts had gone from snug but comfortable to unbearably tight.

It took him a good ten minutes to get into them each morning and it was frustrating and embarrassing. He wondered if he asked could he get a bigger uniform but didn't want to humiliate himself any further. At least his sailor top was loose so it covered it up but if anyone looked too closely they could see the curve where his stomach protruded.

It was summer again, the sun shone brightly and the population of Hawkins swelled once more as all the college kids returned home and the younger kids were free from school once more. The mall was crawling with people and Steve was busy, he barely got to sneak scoops of ice cream in between customers especially after Billy turned up looking like he'd been sculpted from marble by the gods, with his deep golden tan and intense eyes.

He couldn't help noticing all the heavy stares that followed Billy as he walked into the store in his shorts and a top that was so loose he may as well have not been wearing it as it fell down his shoulder exposing his lustrous skin that gleamed under the artificial lights.

Steve swallowed hard, he had avoided Billy as much as he could after Betty's party but having been up close and personal with him that night he knew exactly what all the strength in that body could do, how soft and silky his skin felt under Steve's fingertips and the little buzz of electricity under his skin when all that intensity was directed solely at him. Somehow he looked even better, like being in California was good for him and Steve discreetly tried to adjust his uniform so that his stomach wasn't as obvious.

He looked around for Robin but she was dealing with a large group of kids who couldn't decide what flavour they wanted. He looked back up and he saw the heat flare in Billy's eyes as he came closer,

they travelled over every inch of his body making him squirm. His physique left a lot to be desired, he was becoming the stereotype of the jock who peaked in high school, whereas Billy had his whole life ahead of him. Steve wanted to look away but he figured that would probably end up being worse for him so held eye contact to Billy's apparent delight.

"Hello Princess, long time no see."

"Yeah."

He felt so awkward, his skin stretching tight as his lungs contracted until he felt like all the air had been sucked out of the room. Billy smirked at him.

"Yeah, the last time I saw you was at that party..."

Steve swallowed hard.

"So how's California?"

"It's alright, you should come see it sometime..."

The idea of walking around California in the blazing heat in just a pair of shorts filled Steve with dread.

"So what ice cream do you want?"

Billy leaned fully on the counter bringing his face close to Steve's, his scent invaded his senses making him feel lightheaded.

"I dunno Pretty Boy, any flavours you'd recommend?"

For a split second, he felt a coldness descend over him as he thought that Billy had finally noticed that Steve had gained weight and was mocking him for it. He looked at him sharply but Billy was still close his eyes roving over his body taking every part in. Also, he knew that Billy wasn't subtle, if he thought Steve was out of shape he'd take great pleasure in telling him so.

"Depends what you're in the mood for...a lot of kids like strawberry...or chocolate...the vanilla has real vanilla in it"

Billy licked his lips.

“What’s your favourite?”

Steve felt his face flush, his go-to flavour when he was feeling stressed was mint chocolate chip, he loved the sweetness of it and the little chips gave him something to nibble on. Again he wondered if this was a trap but Billy just kept staring at him with his intense eyes.

“Uh...mint chocolate chip...”

“Can I try a sample?”

Steve pulled a small plastic spoon from the container by the till then leaned into the ice cream tubs and scooped a small amount of the mint chocolate, up close it smelled so good and he knew what it felt like as it slowly melted on his tongue before he bit down hard on a cold piece of chocolate. He bit his lip as he straightened up again then held out a slightly shaky hand to Billy with the sample.

Billy’s eyes seemed to grow even more intense before he gently took the spoon then holding eye contact with Steve he licked the small amount of ice cream off in one broad stroke. Steve shivered as he remembered what that tongue felt like on his skin, licking up his sensitive thighs and finally pushing its way into his body while Billy moaned at the taste of his slick. ‘Taste so good Princess.’

Billy hummed while he licked the remains of ice cream from his lips.

“It’s sweet but I’ve had sweeter...”

He smirked at Steve.

“What about the vanilla?”

Steve got him a sample of vanilla but this time Billy didn’t take the spoon he just licked the ice cream straight from it in Steve’s hand, he felt the edge of his tongue touch the side of his finger as his eyes grew wide.

“Mmm...that’s a little more like it...but last time I was home I tasted something so sweet, and I’m just dying for a second taste...”

Steve's uniform felt like it had gotten even tighter as all the blood in his body rushed to his head. Since he'd left school and got a job at Scoops no one looked at him twice even when he put all his charm into it they just stared blankly back at him. He knew that Billy could have anyone he wanted, that was true even before he went to California and became even more muscular and tan. Alpha's like Billy were highly desirable, if you looked at magazines and movies Alphas like Billy were always the ones who got the Omega, the good job and that everyone else envied.

Steve wasn't a desirable Omega, his dad had made it very clear that only delicate, submissive Omegas were desired by Alphas and Steve was too stubborn, too stupid and now too overweight to ever catch someone's eye. If Billy still desired him it was the slim, athletic Omega that he'd been with months ago, not the pathetic overweight one in front of him now. He knew that once his clothes came off Billy would end up mocking him and any appetite he had for Steve would vanish.

He looked past Billy to the growing crowd and sighed.

"I don't mean to rush you but we're really busy today."

Billy's eyes ran over his body again.

"Ok Sweetheart I'll take two scoops, one vanilla and one mint chocolate chip."

Steve grabbed a cone and scooped the ice cream onto it then passed it to Billy who caressed his fingers as he took it. He handed him the money for it while he licked over it again and again while staring intently at Steve.

"See you soon, Princess."

The rest of the day passed by in a blur while he tried to ignore the siren call of the mint chocolate chip.

A few days later he had a day off work and his original plan had been to lie around the house and just relax but when he walked downstairs the sweet buttery vanilla smell of his mom's sugar cookies enveloped him. He walked to the kitchen in a daze, there were rows and rows of them sitting on little cooling racks while his mom was measuring out the ingredients for the frosting. She smiled at him when he entered the kitchen but then he saw his dad sitting over by the window reading the paper and drinking a cup of coffee.

"Good morning Darling."

"Morning mom, what's with all the cookies?"

"Oh, Mrs Stevenson is having a bake sale, something to do with the library."

He nodded as he stared at them, he loved his mom's sugar cookies, they were soft and melted in your mouth but the real star was the frosting creamy, sweet and with a small drizzle of salted caramel, his mouth watered just thinking about it.

"Don't worry honey, I'll save you some."

He smiled at her.

"Do you think that's a good idea?"

His dad lowered his paper and looked him up and down with apparent disgust.

"Wouldn't something a little healthier be better, maybe a nice salad?"

His mom crossed her arms and glared at his dad.

"It's only a few cookies, he works hard and deserves a treat."

"A treat? For what scooping ice cream, hardly a taxing profession, well maybe for him it is."

Steve felt a lump forming in his throat, why was he so emotional these days?

“If he keeps treating himself he's going to become a complete slob, who wants a fat failure as a mate?”

Steve didn't have the strength for this conversation today so he turned and headed back upstairs as he heard his mom's voice turn thin and high pitched the way it did when she was really angry. He stayed upstairs all day only sneaking down to grab food and water when it was quiet. He told himself that he wasn't going to eat a single cookie, he wasn't going to give his dad the satisfaction of being right but when he was on his second trip down all the hurtful words came flooding back and he'd swallowed one, barely even tasting it.

Later he decided to look at his body more closely, stripped to his underwear and stood in front of his bathroom mirror. How had he let it get this bad, his stomach stuck out from his body and his hips bulged over the waistband. He knew he had to do something and fast before it was too late. He hadn't done much exercise since high school, too busy working and too tired on his days off. He sat for a while and thought about what his best course of action was and finally decided to run, he used to run all the time; it should take no time at all to get back into it.

That weekend he dug out his old running shoes, a pair of shorts and one of his dad's old t-shirts that were nice and baggy on him and got ready to run. He headed out early thinking there would be fewer people and he could move around more freely. He started nice and slow but once he was a few blocks from his house he felt his legs getting heavy, his lungs were burning and his throat was parched. He stopped to lean against a wall outside someone's house trying to decide if it was better to power through the pain or call it a day. He felt so frustrated that he could barely make it down the street without being completely exhausted when he felt someone plaster their hot sweaty body up against his back.

“Hello, Princess.”

Steve sighed heavily then jumped when he felt Billy's nose on the side of his neck.

"If you wanted to get all wet you should have just given me a call."

Steve closed his eyes and tried to stop the little shiver he could feel building under his skin, he pulled abruptly away when he felt Billy's fingers starting to dance over his hip. He started to walk back to his house annoyed when he saw that Billy was following him. He tried to angle his body away from him as much as possible. They reached Steve's house relatively quickly as he hadn't gotten far on his run.

"Seriously Sweetheart if you need a little help..."

"I'm fine."

He moved faster than he had all day into his house, he felt so humiliated he couldn't even run a few blocks then he had to embarrass himself in front of Billy who'd probably been running all morning and was barely out of breath.

He called in sick to work the following week, he knew it wasn't a good idea, he was completely replaceable but had needed a few days away from the world while he tried to figure out what he was going to do next. He told his mom he needed a few days and she kept his secret even making him his favourite meals as though he were sick. She spent time with him too, watching old movies and talking to him about his problems. She told him that she had used a diet that was successful in the past after she'd struggled to lose the little extra weight she carried after having him.

After being home a few days with her he felt better and decided to grab a shower and go for a quiet drive, he felt like he was outside in the world but still protected from everyone's eyes by his car. He drove aimlessly for a couple of hours then pulled into the quarry and got out to lean against the hood of his car and stare up at the stars.

It was a balmy cloudless evening, so peaceful and he let the past few

days wash over him. His mom was right, he just needed to eat a little healthier, do a little exercise and everything would be fine, he wasn't defined by his status. He took a huge lungful of warm air and decided it was time to go home but just as he started to walk around his car he was suddenly blinded by headlights and Billy's Camaro came into view.

Billy boxed his car in then jumped out and walked up to him. Steve curled in on himself a little, he was wearing his most comfortable pair of jeans and a soft t-shirt that had some room in it but he knew up close his weight would be obvious. Billy watched him carefully for a moment then he moved closer.

"We need to talk."

"What about?"

"Are you serious?"

Steve was so confused and it must have shown on his face as Billy sighed heavily.

"Are you with another Alpha?"

"What?"

"C'mon Pretty Boy, don't jerk me around, have you been knotted by someone since me?"

"How the fuck is that any of your business?"

Billy suddenly rushed forward catching Steve off guard and pinning him to the hood of his car, he growled into his throat.

"We both know you're mine...have been since we met...I don't mind a little chase but if you've let another Alpha..."

Steve shook his head, he'd never been with an Alpha before or after Billy, at this point in Hawkins he was a ghost.

"Why didn't you tell me then?"

“Tell you what?”

Billy pressed his nose further into Steve's neck and he felt dread settle in the pit of his stomach when he realised that Billy's body was pressed right up against his.

“That you're pregnant...”

“What, I'm not...”

As the panic set in Steve's mind went blank and all he could feel was how hard his jeans were digging into the flesh of his stomach. Billy sighed.

“Fuck Princess you do need someone to take care of you...”

Then he pulled Steve into a brutal kiss, he froze against him as his mind raced, why did Billy think he was pregnant? Was it because he'd seen his stomach and just assumed? He couldn't be pregnant, he didn't have morning sickness or weird cravings. He pulled back from Billy he had to be wrong, there was no way, he'd just put on a little weight that was all.

“Why do you think I'm pregnant?”

Billy pushed his nose up against Steve's throat, he inhaled deeply before licking softly over his skin.

“Your scent, it's become warmer, sweeter like sun-ripened oranges...I realised it the other day when I saw you out running, I couldn't be sure at first but now I'm positive...”

“You can't rely on someone's scent to know if they're pregnant...”

Billy slid his hands over Steve's sides making him gasp loudly when he felt Billy's too hot hands run over the cool skin of his stomach.

“You feel pregnant to me...”

Steve shivered.

“I've put on a little weight...”

“Princess, this isn’t weight it’s a bump, do you not feel how solid you feel?”

Billy grabbed Steve’s hand and placed it on his stomach pressing down, he’d never thought about how it should feel but now that his hand was trapped between his stomach and Billy’s hand he could feel how solid it felt. As Billy pushed down he realised that his stomach wasn’t giving way as he thought it would. He heard Billy groan above him before he captured Steve’s lips once more in a desperate kiss.

At first, he still felt a little shell shocked but Billy’s desperation bled into the kiss and soon he was kissing back just as frantically. Billy moved more fully on top of him and he couldn’t help moaning into his mouth when he felt Billy’s muscular body press down onto him, it felt so good to be wanted, he’d forgotten how much of a heady feeling it gave him. Billy kissed his way over to Steve’s throat sucking his flesh into his mouth.

“The back seat of my car would be a helluva lot more comfortable than the hood of yours...especially in your delicate condition...”

Steve moaned despite himself, he couldn’t believe this was how his night was going to end, he had no illusions about it he was going to let Billy fuck him in the back of his car because he realised that that was what he wanted. Billy pulled back, his eyes intense as he led him over to the car he pushed Steve into the back then slid in beside him.

“Strip for me, Sweetheart.”

Steve bit his lip even though he knew that Billy seemed to be very into the fact that he was pregnant he was still worried that once he saw how funhouse mirror his body had become he was going to lose interest. He looked at him trying to gauge how serious he was, Billy looked back with that familiar intensity to his eyes then he moved closer his hands running over Steve’s stomach.

“What’s the matter, Baby?”

Steve looked away, he was so sure that Billy was going to either laugh at him or be disgusted once he saw him. He jumped when he felt his fingers skim over the bottom of his stomach as Billy grabbed

the hem of his t-shirt and started to pull it over his head. He took a deep breath and closed his eyes, he should be used to the feeling of being a loser by this point but it still felt like a bitter pill to swallow.

Once his shirt was gone he could feel Billy's fingers running over his skin, a fleeting touch almost as though he were afraid to touch him. This caused him to open his eyes and look down at Billy's fingers as they ran over his skin, he glanced at his face and was surprised to see the awe in his eyes, Billy looked up and smiled at him before leaning over and pulling him into a surprisingly soft kiss.

Steve never expected anything from Billy to be soft and he felt a little shock shoot through him as the situation became a little clearer in his mind, he was pregnant, he had zero prospects, how was he going to raise this child on his own? He pulled back from the kiss.

"Oh god, what am I going to do?"

"You're mine, you don't have to worry about anything..."

"Billy be real, we slept together once at a party, you have college, I have..."

What did he have? A shitty job? An increasingly disappointed dad who would probably throw him out once he learned that he'd gotten himself knocked up at a party? Billy pulled him into another frantic kiss Steve tried to pull away while his mind raced but Billy wouldn't let up pouring all his frustration into the kiss and Steve felt his arousal return as he gave in. Billy started to kiss his way down his throat before he made his way down his chest leaving a trail of tingling bites in his wake.

When he reached Steve's stomach he started to give it gentle butterfly kisses and licks, Steve's skin felt so sensitive as he started to pant softly then he gasped when he felt Billy pop the button on his jeans. He sighed softly as the pressure on his stomach was finally released. Billy pulled his jeans down running his tongue over the deep red lines left in his skin. Steve pushed his fingers into Billy's curly hair encouraging him by rubbing gently over his scalp.

He felt Billy's fingers hook around his jeans and start to pull them

down over his hips and with a little difficulty in the cramped space he pulled them down while Steve toed off his shoes leaving him in his underwear. Billy pulled him under him while he continued to lavish his stomach with attention, Steve sighed softly at the feeling of Billy's lips running over his skin.

"Fuck Princess this is the best welcome home present ever..."

He felt Billy hook his fingers into his underwear and pull them from his body, he couldn't help closing his eyes and he still felt that little tendril of dread at what he must look like. He felt Billy's fingers dig into his thighs and pull them apart then he jumped when he felt Billy warm tongue lapping at him.

"Still as sweet as I remember..."

He felt Billy push in a finger alongside his tongue and he whimpered softly, nobody had even looked at him in so long and with the awkwardness of his weight he'd struggled to pleasure himself, so it felt so good to have someone touch him. He felt Billy moan against him then he pushed in a second finger and Steve felt his body flutter around his fingers as his thighs trembled. Within a short space of time, Billy had three fingers in him as he moved over to sink his teeth into Steve's thighs and he felt as though he were vibrating out of his skin.

Billy suddenly slithered back up his body to pull him into a desperate kiss and Steve moaned at tasting his slick on Billy's tongue, his mind catapulted back to Betty's party, how frantic it had been, the feeling of Billy's teeth in his skin and his voice growling in his ear. He realised that he could practically recount every second of it as he'd ran it through his head so many times, dreamed about and now it was going to be a reality once more. Billy pulled back from him leaving him feeling empty and cold then he wrapped his hands around Steve's waist and lifted him so that Billy could settle beneath him with Steve straddling his lap.

Billy pulled him into another brutal kiss as Steve felt him position himself at his hole before he pushed forward. Steve whimpered into his mouth as the angle made everything seem so much more intense. Billy then started a steady pace while Steve dug his fingers into his

shoulders, his memories had been vivid but nothing compared to how it felt, he threw his head back as a whine built in his throat.

“You feel so good Princess...you don’t know how much I’ve missed this...the number of times I’ve almost made the trip back just so I could maybe get a taste...feel you tight around my cock...can’t wait to show you California...”

Steve moaned, Billy couldn’t be serious, he had his studies, the exciting life of being young and carefree in California, he could see just from looking at him that it clearly agreed with him, why would he ever want Steve there cramping his style?

He opened his mouth to voice his concerns when he felt Billy’s knot starting to press into him and he lost the ability to speak. He heard Billy groan as he ground his knot in until it popped in and Steve shuddered as every nerve ending in his body came alive as he came. He zoned out for a few moments as the endorphins rushed through him and when he came back he could feel Billy’s fingers and lips gently running over his stomach.

“You’re so beautiful Sweetheart...you don’t know what seeing you all swollen with my kid is doing to me...”

Steve bit his lip, maybe now wasn’t the best time to voice his concerns, he felt a little selfish but being lavished with attention was making him feel good and he didn’t want to give it up too soon.

“How long will it take you to pack?”

“Pack?”

“Yeah we could wait until the end of the summer but I have a small apartment in California, it’s not much but we’ll be together...”

“Billy...you don’t have to...I mean I don’t want you to feel like you have to change anything for me...”

Billy bit into his shoulder hard and Steve gasped as it caused his over-sensitive body to flutter around Billy. He looked down with a little trepidation, Billy returned his stare with determined eyes.

"I only came home to convince you to come back with me, there's nothing here for me except Max and we stay in constant contact, you're mine and now I've you and a baby to care for..."

"But what about college?"

"I can make it work but if you want to stay here fuck college, I'll get a job here..."

"There's nothing here..."

Billy brought his hand up to stroke over Steve's face.

"Then come to California with me, I'll finish college, get a good job and look after you and anyone else who comes along..."

Steve bit his lip, was this a good idea? Was Billy just trying to be responsible because he'd accidentally knocked Steve up?

"It's very simple Princess I'm not leaving without you so you can decide whether we go there or stay here."

"Do you really want to be with me? It's not just because..."

Billy pulled him into another frantic kiss.

"Have I ever lied to you?"

Steve shook his head, Billy had been an insufferable asshole at times but he'd always been truthful, he saw Billy's eyes soften.

"Then believe me now."

As Billy pulled him into another kiss Steve wondered how Robin, Dustin and his mom were going to take the news and he thought he'd have to get his mom's cookie recipe so that he could bake them for his own child and Billy, especially now that he knew what a sweet tooth he had.